

THE  
MAD GUARDIAN:  
OR,  
SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

A F A R C E,  
IN TWO ACTS,

As performed, with the most flattering Approbation, at the

Theatre-Royal, Manchester.

To which are added,

FUGITIVE PIECES,  
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

---

By T. MERCHANT.

*(Thomas Dibdin)*  
OMNES SIBI MALUNT ESSE MELIUS QUAM ALTERI.

TER. AND.

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HUDDERSFIELD:

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BOOKSELLERS IN MANCHESTER, BURY,  
ROCHDALE, &c. &c.

(Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.)

[17-95]

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CHAMBERS AND MURRAY, 112, N. 4TH ST., N. Y.

PRINTED BY SCOTCHBORN AND CO., LTD., LONDON, AND THE  
BOOKBINDER, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.  
ROCHDALE, ENGLAND.  
(For Two Shillings and Sixpence.)





**CHARLES DIBDIN, ESQ.**

**SIR,**

**A** Gentleman, in whose *writings* feeling and liberality are so eminently conspicuous, will not, I am certain, be offended at this *attempt* to pay his merit a portion of that tribute it demands, from every admirer of refined science and elegant accomplishment.

But whatever claims your musical or literary abilities may have to my regard, they are infinitely eclipsed by a tie, which  
neither

~~neither misrepresentation nor any kind of~~  
 circumstance can dissolve.—'Tis *Nature*, Sir!  
 —her power is such, that, in spite of every  
*seeming* impropriety, she bids me say aloud  
 to the world, that *I am your Son*—happy if  
 I possess your strength of genius, to express  
 my feelings on the occasion.

When I reflect that, from the age of *four*  
*years*, I have only had the satisfaction to see  
 you *twice*, and that neither of us personally  
 know the other, I am the more anxious to  
 discover, how I can have so far offended you,  
 that repeated applications for your favour and  
 countenance, have been treated with silent  
 contempt. When *recently*, in conjunction  
 with a most amiable and accomplished wife,  
 I so solemnly appealed to your feelings, as a  
*father* and a *man*, I was not honoured with  
 the slightest notice.

The



The only indiscretion I can seriously charge myself with, (except the step I am now taking be one,) is having, through unbounded partiality for the stage, left, at the age of eighteen, a respectable apprenticeship; but as you, during a space of fourteen years *prior* to that circumstance, and four years which have *since* elapsed, would not have been certain of my *existence*, but from the above-mentioned applications, I cannot attribute your displeasure to an event, which perhaps you did not know, and which has ultimately proved for the best.

My brother Charles (whose indulgence from the public to a late anonymous publication, proves that he possesses a spark of your brilliant talents,) knows not of this dedication; but were *he*, or my sister, aware of my sensations at this moment, and on what account, they would participate in the  
agitation

agitation I experience, in laying the first efforts of my pen at your feet, and assuring you—that Providence which “*sits up aloft*” will one day testify we are your children.

*I am, Sir,*

*With every due respect,*

*Your son and servant,*

**THE AUTHOR.**



PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FARCE,

AND SPOKEN, IN THE CHARACTER OF VAPID,

BY MR. WARD.

“ ’TIS now the very witching time of night,”  
 When critics criticise with all their might;  
 And, while their sentence fills the mind with dread,  
 Each author shrinks appall’d, and hides his head.  
 So fares it with to-night’s advent’rous youth,  
 Who, *entre nous*, to tell the simple truth,  
 Was taught by me—to write—to get a name—  
 And climb the lofty pinnacle of fame.  
 “ Write play or farce,” said I—“ be never loath—  
 “ Prologue or epilogue—I’ll speak ’em both.  
 “ I’ll bring you thro’——to write and talk my trade is,  
 “ And I’m a mighty fav’rite with the Ladies—  
 “ Who, if they deign to smile upon the muse,  
 “ No Critic here shall dare his smile refuse.  
 “ Please but the Ladies, and the crabbed elves  
 “ May damn our farces, and he damn’d themselves.”  
 Then, pray ye “ ponder well, ye Ladies dear,”  
 Nor on my pupil’s faults be too severe—  
 If e’er you hope, at home, for quiet houses,  
 If e’er you hope to please your gentle spouses,  
 Be pleas’d to-night yourselves.—And O, if love  
 E’er touch’d your hearts, ye Goddesses above,  
 If e’er you hope for ribbon, cap, or glove,

[To the Gallery.]

*Assist our cause.—Now, Gentlemen, to you—  
Keep candour—keep good nature still in view.  
Nay, of all hearts, I'll touch the dearest string—  
Join, as you would do to support your King!  
Britons, in such a cause, can fear no odds;  
But all would fight—or—DIE LIKE DEMI-GODS.*

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

Captain Mortimer, - - -	Mr. RICHARDSON
Roderick o'Connor, - -	Mr. TYRRELL.
Squeezum, - - - - -	Mr. BARRETT.
Doctor Scarecrow, - - -	Mr. FRANCIS.
Clump, - - - - -	Mr. BATES.
Clarissa, - - - - -	Miss DANIELS.
Goody Benson, - - - -	Mrs. POWELL.

**SCENE, A Cottage, and Forest adjoining.**

**THE**



GOODY.

Why, my dear child, I only wish you to consider—

THE

## MAD GUARDIAN:

OR,

## SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Inside of Goody Benson's Cottage.*

*Enter* GOODY and CLARISSA.

CLARISSA.

**N**OW, my dear Goody Benson, you're too severe upon me—only put yourself in my place, and I'm sure you'd have acted just in the same manner.—Let me tell you, that on occasions like this, advice is much easier given than followed:—Ecod, if it was *not*, half the folks who are now so ready to part with it, would keep it as close as they do their cash.

GOODY.

GOODY.

Why, my dear child, I only wish you to consider—

CLARISSA.

Consider! why that's very right—but what considerations have *I* ever *met* with.—My father, who never considered in his life, left me at his death to the care of a closefisted old hunk, who, without considering the difference of seventy and seventeen, took it into his head to fall in love with me, or, more possibly, my fortune—and as it pleased his worship to teize me, till my little stock of patience was quite exhausted, I e'en flew out of the cage to my old nurse here,—who, instead of commending my spirit and assisting my scheme, duns me with her proverbs, and tells me what I *should* have done, instead of what I *am* to do.

GOODY.

Why, my love, experience makes fools wise, and it is my love for your mother's memory makes me anxious for your welfare—for my part, I was only apprehensive lest, by running away from your guardian, you may have fallen out of the frying pan into the fire;—but it isn't for a poor old woman, like me, to talk—no, no—a shoemaker should never go beyond his last.—But then, my love, who is this Captain Mortimer you tell me of— young men are dangerous—and tho' the pitcher goes often to the well, it *may* be broke at last.

CLARISSA.



CLARISSA.

—The captain, Goody, is a man of honour—at least, I hope so—and but for his silence, during his present voyage to Calcutta, I should be quite easy about him.—As for my guardian, he would never consent to the captain's addresses, not only because they interfered with his own views, but because poor Mortimer was not rich enough.

GOODY.

Aye, his old humour—What is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh.—I remember when he was only a clerk in your grandfather's family, but now—well, well—give a man luck and throw him into the sea—set a beggar on horseback, and he'll *ride*, they say—but cheer up, my love, for tho' I don't like to reckon my chickens before they're hatch'd, yet I'm sure you'll have the captain at last, and better late than never, you know.

CLARISSA.

Well, nurse, I don't care how soon; and, let the world say what it will, it is very natural to prefer a young lover to an old one.—So, nurse, without your proverbs can help me to get clear of guardee—why they are “much pains to little purpose,”—so there's a Rowland for your Oliver.

[Exit Clarissa,

GOODY,

GOODY.

Well, go thy ways, for thou wert always a madcap—but every thing's willing to live.—She's a good girl, only she persuades me I'm always talking proverbs—what of that—one man's meat is another's poison.—In another year she'll be at age and her own mistress, and then she may marry who she pleases—but then, while the grass grows the steed starves—yet patience is the best remedy—if I hadn't been patient what would have become of me.—Her poor mother was my friend, and *she* has ever been kind to me—one good turn deserves another—tho' too often charity begins at home—the weakest always goes to the wall, and need makes the old wife trot.

[Exit.

SCENE



## SCENE CONTINUES.

*Thunder—Rain—Lightning seen thro' the Lattice.*

*Enter MORTIMER and O'CONNOR,*

*from the Door in the Scene.*

MORTIMER.

Death and fire! what a night——why it rains as if a second deluge would take place.

O'CONNOR.

I've no objection to that, your honor—my outside is pretty well deluged already, and if my inside don't share the same fate, why it sha'n't be the fault of Roderick o'Connor.—By my conscience, this public house met with us very luckily, for if we had not stumbled on it by chance, we should both of us have been drown'd on dry land before this time.—Why, house! house, I say!—Arrah, why don't you come down stairs—By my troth, I believe the more a gentleman calls, the more you won't come.

GOODY, (*within.*)

Who's there?—

O'CONNOR.

O'CONNOR.

Who's there!—Why here's a gentleman's servant and his master, that did you the honor to make choice of your house, because we could get no other—and this is your politeness for it.—We are wet thro' on one side, and the devil a sup of whiskey will you bring to wet us on the other——

MORTIMER.

Gently, O'Connor—this may not be a public house after all;—and, by giving offence, we may lose the shelter we have with so much difficulty obtained.

O'CONNOR.

A public house—you may be sure of that by their attention, your honour.—Arrah, what a difference there is between being out of doors and in this house—here you may call for a sup of moisture an hour before you get it, and there we got enough of it, when there was no call for it at all, at all.

*Enter* GOODY, with a Light.

GOODY.

Mercy on me, what fine gentlemen are these!—(*aside*)—What would your honors please to have?

MORTIMER.



MORTIMER.

Overtaken by night and a heavy storm, I took the liberty of making your house my shelter—our horses are at the door—and, should our stay be inconvenient, we'll only wait till it clears up to pursue our journey.

GOODY.

Lord, your honour—heaven forbid, I shou'dn't make a stranger welcome when in need of my assistance.—But fine words butter no parsnips.—If you can put up with such poor fare as I can give—you may stay your pleasure.

O'CONNOR.

Well said, my hearty old lass.—O to be sure you and I won't be old friends before we are acquainted together.—O there's nothing like hospitality—that's so much like my own countrymen.—An Irishman would get up at one o'clock in the morning, and go to bed in a chair for the rest of the night, sooner than let a fellow-crater want his assistance.

MORTIMER.

Come, come, is this a time to talk about Ireland, and hospitality, and—Come, Goody, shew me to a fire—

GOODY.

This way, your honour.—If you can make shift with my poor house, tho'—

MORTIMER.

MORTIMER.

Why, Goody, we *must* put up with it, for, at present, we can get no other shelter—and, in a case of necessity, you know——

GOODY.

Aye, your honor, needs must, when the devil drives—and hungry dogs will eat dirty pudding.

[Exit Mortimer and Goody.]

O'CONNOR.

“Is this a time to talk about hospitality”—Arrah, why to be sure it is—we never know the value of a thing so well as when we want it—they say, there's no time like the time present—perhaps, my master prefers the *time past*—to be sure, matters went on swimmingly when we were wet to the skin—but I desire no such *pastime* in *future*;—and so now I'll go look after the poor dumb beasts,—for, I'll be bound, my master's mare's as tired as a horse, and my gelding's as hungry as a hunter.

[Exit.]

SCENE



SCENE II. *A Wood.**Enter* SQUEEZUM:

SQUEEZUM.

Ah, there—I knew how it would be—as soon as I set out, says I, Simon Squeezum, you had better stay at home.—My ward runs away—I follow her—miss my road—am thrown by my horse—and because, to save additional expence, I have brought no servant with me, I am left alone and bewildered in this forest.—I have lost my ward—I have lost my horse—I have lost my way—and, I verily believe, I shall lose my senses.—Ha! who comes here!—O lud, its a highwayman!—I know it is!—And now I shall read, in the next day's news, of my being robbed, gagged, and tied to a tree!

*Enter* CLUMP.

SQUEEZUM.

Pray, young man, can you tell me whereabouts I am?

CLUMP:

What, I suppose you don't know?

SQUEEZUM.

Plague o' this fellow—*(aside)*—No, I don't.

CLUMP.

Aye, I thought that, by your axing—

C

SQUEEZUM.

SQUEEZUM.

Can you tell me where I am?

CLUMP.

Why, I hardly know myzel—but I believe you mun be zumwhere hercabout—

SQUEEZUM.

Death and the devil!—I tell you I have lost my way—

CLUMP.

Well—and if so be, you have, I'm zure I ha' na found it.

SQUEEZUM.

Well, well, I must humour him—(*aside*)—Will you, my good fellow, tell me the nearest way out of this forest?

CLUMP.

O! Ees—I can do that.—Pray which way did you come in it?

SQUEEZUM.

This fellow will certainly drive me mad—(*aside*)—  
 Lookie, my lad, I have lost myself in this wood, and if you'll help me to a night's lodging, and recover my horse for me, which is somewhere hercabout, why I'll make it worth your while.

CLUMP.



CLUMP.

Why, you see, that alters the case:—And so, if you'll follow me, I'll bring you to Goody Benson—for she's never against giving a stranger a night's lodging.—It was but t'other day, she got a young lass that nobody can tell any thing about, only that she's main pretty—and then she sings like a cricket.—Now, for my part, I knows very little of music, for I only can play upon the jews-harp, and the—

SQUEEZUM,

*Jews-harp!*—Why, you'll put me out of all *christian* patience.—And yet I may as well hear more of this girl—perhaps it may be my ward—(*aside*)—Well, and so she plays upon the jews-harp?

CLUMP.

What she—lord, no—But, now you talk of a jews-harp, how much do you mean to gi' me, if I vind the horse.

SQUEEZUM.

Aye, there's the plague of it—People are always thinking of “what will you give.”—I see I shall be quite ruined by this business—I know it.—(*aside*)—O, Simon Squeezum, Simon Squeezum,—why will you be ever running your head against stone walls—

CLUMP.

CLUMP.

Stone walls!—Why, Master Squeezum, if that be your name, I thought your head was cracked a little—Come, you'd better come with me—but if your cracked, I think I'd better fetch the doctor.—I dont much like mad volk—

SQUEEZUM.

There—I knew how it would be—the people will all think me mad, for taking so much pains after this baggage—*(aside)*—Lookee, my good friend, I desire you will shew me to Goody Benson's directly.—I shall—

CLUMP.

Now, now—I woant.—Ecod, I'll go vetch the doctor—and, if I zee your horse, I'll tell him where you be.—Good bye, Master Squeezum.—I'll fetch the doctor. *[Aside, and exit.*

SQUEEZUM.

There—I knew he wou'dn't—and here am I left to get out as I can.—What will become of me.

*[Goes up the Stage.**Enter*



*Enter* O'CONNOR.

O'CONNOR.

Oh, Palliluh! here's a pretty piece of business—while my master and I stood walking about in the cottage yonder, my master's horse has given me the flip, and rode away without him.—I saw he was out of sight, as I came to the place where I left him——Hollah, ould gentleman—you didn't see nothing of never a horse anywhere hereabouts, did you?

SQUEEZUM.

Eh—What, my dear fellow, have you found a horse—

O'CONNOR.

No—but I've lost one, and that's the same thing you know, honey—and, if you know nothing about it, you may as well tell me where it is.—You see its as fine a beast as ever you clapt your *two* looking eyes on——none of your black and white piebald gentry—but all of a colour, like a—a—harlequin's jacket——

SQUEEZUM.

There—I knew how it would be——no sooner got rid of one fool than teized with another—(*aside*)——I tell you I've lost my *own* horse——

O'CONNOR,

O'CONNOR.

But I've lost my master's.—By my conscience, the poor gentleman will be a horse out of pocket.

SQUEEZUM.

Yes—and if you lose *yourself*, he'll be an *afs* out of pocket.—(*aside*)—But who is your master, friend?

O'CONNOR.

Who is he!—Why I'll tell you, my jewel—he is—Arrah, what the devil makes you so inquisitive?

SQUEEZUM.

There—I knew I shou'dn't get an answer.—(*aside*)—Why, my good friend, I want to get shelter for to-night, for I can't find my way out of this infernal wood—

O'CONNOR.

Why, as to that—it may puzzle more sensible heads than yours.—Now, I and my master came in at *one* end of the forest, and should never have got out at the other, if we hadn't taken up lodgings in a house that stands just in the middle of it.

SQUEEZUM.

And where is that house, my friend?

O'CONNOR.



O'CONNOR.

Why, you must go down that walk—straight forward—  
you must go till you *can* go no further.

SQUEEZUM.

Well——

O'CONNOR.

Well!—why then you must stop.

SQUEEZUM.

Ah!—I knew how it would be——

O'CONNOR.

“ You knew how it would be!”—then what the devil  
made you ask?——By my conscience, now that's as foolish  
as if I was to look for my horses before I had lost 'em.

SQUEEZUM.

Well, come now shew me the house, and I'll be for  
ever obliged to you—I'll give you——

O'CONNOR.

Stop, my jewel—an Irishman can do a good-natured  
action without being paid for it——paid for it—by my  
foul, there's so much satisfaction always attends a piece of  
good nature, that the thing is sufficient payment for its  
own trouble.——Come along, my old boy.

[Exit.

SQUEEZUM.

SQUEEZUM.

“An Irishman can do a good-natured action without being paid for it”—What good-natured people!—O dear, I wish an Irishman may find my horse.

[Exit.

SCENE, *Inside of the Cottage.**Enter* CLARISSA, *meeting* GOODY BENSON.

CLARISSA.

O Goody, I'm in such a flutter—

GOODY.

Eh!—Why what's the matter, child?

CLARISSA.

Why, the gentleman you have given shelter to, is no other than my Captain Mortimer.

GOODY.

Lack-a-day, lack-a-day—Well, 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good—But how art thou sure 'tis he?—Hast thou spoken to him?

CLARISSA.



CLARISSA.

No—but I saw and heard him speak to his servant,—  
I'm at a loss how to proceed—at any rate, he must hear  
my story, before my guardian has time to tell his—and I  
don't know how to discover myself to him.—Now if  
he was possessed of that sympathy which actuated your  
lovers of old, he would know, by instinct, I am here.

GOODY.

Aye, and as it is, he won't be long in discovering you  
—I'll be bound he finds you out in half an hour.—Why,  
when I was your age, I had a sweetheart that would have  
—Ah! but that's all over with me now—

CLARISSA.

Well, never mind your sweetheart now, but contrive  
some means to get an interview with mine.—Suppose  
I write a little note, and do you drop it when you go next  
into the room—eh—what say you?

GOODY.

Well, do as you please.—For my part, I should dis-  
cover myself directly, if I was you.—Delays breed danger  
—take time by the forelock, and make hay while the sun  
shines.—I was always for coming to the point at once.

D

CLARISSA.

CLARISSA.

No—that would be too abrupt.—I think I hear him coming—there—(*writes on a leaf of her pocket book, and drops it*)—Come with me, Goody—and now, if all goes as it should do, we'll outwit guardy after all:—For when a lady drops a hint, he must be a stupid lover indeed that can't take it up. [Exit.

GOODY.

Well, go your ways—and if you fling your guardian, and make sure of a husband, why you will kill two birds with one stone. [Exit.

*Enter* MORTIMER.

MORTIMER.

This adventure of mine begins unluckily—however, if this delay is the last, I shall at any rate, by to-morrow, behold my dear Clarissa—ha! what's this—

[Takes up the paper, and reads.

*If Mr. Mortimer's affections are still placed on his Clarissa, the object of them is in this house.—*

In this house!—why it can't be—or, if it is, I shall go mad, with joy, to find her here—to find my wishes anticipated—and the very accident that appeared to cross them, to be the means of hastening my happiness,—O let me fly to find her—

*Enter*



*Enter* O'CONNOR.

O'CONNOR.

O, your honor, spare yourself the trouble—I've just found her myself.—I knew she cou'dn't be far off—Arrah now, who told him the horse had run away—(*aside*)—

MORTIMER.

Why, how should you know?—I'm sure I hadn't an idea——But where is she?—What did she say?

O'CONNOR.

Say!——Now what the devil does he mean—(*aside*)——Why, Sir, I never heard her speak in all my life—but she eat like a—

MORTIMER.

Eat!—Who eat?——Where is she?

O'CONNOR.

Why you see, Sir—I found she had scarce a shoe to her foot, and so I sent her to—the farrier's.

MORTIMER.

Is the fellow mad!—What are you talking of?——Who have you sent?

O'CONNOR.

O'CONNOR.

Why, your honor's mare.—She got out of the stable before I had time to put her in it—and now I've brought her back, and another gentleman with her—the ould man that's below stairs—

MORTIMER.

Away, blockhead!—I'm talking of my mistress, and you tell me of a mare—Out of my way, you calf!

[Exit.

O'CONNOR.

O hubbaboo!—What a pretty bit of a passion my master's in, about nothing at all, at all—and the best of the joke is, he calls me a calf, when the mistake's all his own.—Not know a lady from a horse!—A calf!—What would he have said if *I* had blundered so?—why, ten to one, but he'd have made a bull of it.—Och, to be sure I've found him out—He's in love—poor man—yes, its all over with him.—I was going to be in love myself once—but it was put off.—By my conscience, this love's a strange crater.—Some say, he's a blind little boy—but, by the blunders he makes, it would be more nat'ral to take him for an Irishman.

SONG.



## S O N G.

## I.

*Let poets berhyme master Cupid,  
 And talk of his mam and his dad:  
 By my conscience, we're not quite so stupid,  
 For we know he's an Irish lad:  
 And if you reflect where's the wonder,  
 'Tis nothing at all, hubbaboo—  
 If an Irishman's caught in a blunder,  
 You'll often catch Cupid in two.  
 And sing whack, &c.*

## II.

*Then they talk of his sonnets so pretty,  
 His verses, his couplets, good lack!  
 Och, 'tis nought but an Irish ditty—  
 Gramachree, or the sweet Paddy Whack.  
 Then as for his sweet conversation,  
 'Twas there I first found out the rogue;  
 For I'll prove it to all in the nation,  
 The language of love is the brogue.  
 And sing whack, &c.*

## III.

*Ould Jupiter oft went a wooing,  
 Was rakish, polite, debonair,  
 Was partial to billing and cooing,  
 And knew how to talk to the fair.*

*Europa*

*Europa he lov'd to distraction,  
With the passion his heart was so full,  
That, to prove it of Irish extraction,  
He carried her off on a Bull.  
And sing whack, &c.*

*[Exit,*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT



## ACT II.

*Inside of the Cottage.**Enter GOODY and CLUMP.*

GOODY.

WELL, but neighbour Clump, as I told you before, it is not all gold that glisters—least said, you know, soonest mended—and if the gentleman should not be mad after all—why its ill meddling with edged tools—

CLUMP.

Why, odzookers!—I tell you, you're as mad as he—d'ye think I doant knaw a madman when I do zee him?

GOODY.

Why, to be fure, if the gentleman *is* mad—why he'll know better than to be angry with us, for taking care of him.—But where is he?—Where did you meet with him?

CLUMP.

Why, you zee, I'm in a bit of a hurry, because I did promise the gentleman to fetch the doctor to him—and so, I'll tell you the story in a few minutes—

GOODY.

GOODY.

Aye, pray be quick—for many words won't fill a bushel——

CLUMP.

Why, as to that, its neither here nor there.—But, now you talk of a bushel, what d'ye think I got for my blind galloway, at market, yesterday?

GOODY.

O never mind the galloway—you can go on very well without that.

CLUMP.

I don't know whether I can or no.—It was a main pratty animal—a fine beast—only it was blind—had an ugly trick of lying down on the road——

GOODY.

Aye, its a good horse that never stumbles.

CLUMP.

And, for the soul of me, I never could get it to draw in a team——But, as I told you, I was in a hurry——

GOODY.

Aye, more haste worse speed.

CLUMP.



CLUMP.

Like enough.—So, as I said before, I was going this morning to Master Jin Bearn's Mill—I hadn't much moind to go neither—seeing I dream'd, last night, of a rusty gridiron—Now what sign's that?

GOODY.

Why, its a sign I sha'n't hear the story to-day.

CLUMP.

O, the story!—Aye, true—I'd forgot that.—So, going to Jin Bearn's, I went round by the little copice—for they do say, the other road's haunted—for my part, I doan't believe a word of it—tho', to be sure, now you talk about ghosts—it was but the other night, our Dorothy met a huge white animal in the lane—and more she got out of its way, the more she got in it—till it jumped o'er a hedge and vanish'd—and, would you believe it, the next day our grey mare was pounded for breaking down the fences—and some people grinned about it, and said how *that* was the ghost—but I don't believe it—for, tho' Dorothy's main timberfome and frightful, she knaws a hawk from a handsaw, well enough—So you see, if it should be true that these ghosts walk—for I don't much thinks it be—why I wou'dn't wish to affront a living soul of 'em—seeing they never affronted me—and now we talk about affronts—I was only going thro' the same lane, when—

E

GOODY.

GOODY.

Aye—its a long lane that hath no turning.—We shall never get the story, neighbour.

CLUMP.

A long lane!—I know its a long lane—What do you tell me that for?—I never zeed fuch another woman—Now I woant tell you a word more—Why I was juft coming to the beginning of one of the best stories—

*Enter* O'CONNOR.

O'CONNOR.

Ax your pardon, interrupting you in the middle of your story before you begin it—but the ould gentleman I brought in with me ten minutes ago, has been waiting above this half hour to speak to Goody Benfon.

GOODY.

An old gentleman!—What is he like?

O'CONNOR.

What is he like!—Why he's like to wait half an hour longer, if you don't make haste.—Arrah run, Goody, run—

GOODY.



GOODY.

Don't hurry other men's cattle—patience, and shuffle the cards—fair and softly goes far.

[Exit.

CLUMP.

Pray, Sir, if I may be so bold as to ax, what koin'd of gentleman is this?—for I do think it's the zame I zeed in the wood, to-day.

O'CONNOR.

Why you see he's a snug little ould gentleman—about as big as a tankard of beer, with the head on—He's just like a skittle, thick in the middle and thin at each end.—By my conscience, eight such as him would make a good set of nine-pins.

CLUMP.

Aye, now you talk of nine-pins—here comes Goody—She zeems in a woundy taking about zummat—I'll get out of her way—for I'm in a main hurry to fetch the doctor.

[Exit.

Enter

*Enter* GOODY.

GOODY.

We've brought our hogs to a fine market, indeed!—  
Here, you've brought old Squeezum, Miss Clarissa's  
guardian—and he has seen her—and is now insisting on  
her return with him.—Aye, aye—your master's noble  
will be brought to nine-pence now—

O'CONNOR.

Arrah, my jewel, don't be talking about nine-pence—  
I wou'dn't have let him in for half the money—if I'd  
known who it was.—You see, I didn't recollect him—  
becafe why I'd never seen him before.—But stop—  
suppose I go and tell him, that neither I nor my master  
have been in the house at all, at all—and then, perhaps,  
he won't believe me—

GOODY.

No, its too late now.—When the steed's stolen you'd  
shut the stable door.

O'CONNOR.

O, the devil burn the stable door—for it was all owing  
to that I lost my horse—and, if he had but stayed decently  
at home, its ten to one whether I should ever have gone  
to look for him or no—Eh—by the powers—here comes  
Miss wid my master—she's got away from the old one—  
Come this way, Goody, and if we don't plot a scheme to  
bodder old Splitfarthing—why I'll live on potatoes and  
butter-milk to the end of the world.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter*



*Enter* MORIMER *and* CLARISSA.

MORTIMER.

And how could you suppose, my Clarissa, that Mortimer would ever forget you—But your guardian must undoubtedly have intercepted my letters, with an intention to break off every thing between us.—His schemes, thank fate, are however disappointed—and I shall now convince my dear girl, the attachment of a British seaman to his Mistress, his Country, and his King—can never be lessened by distance, time, nor place—

CLARISSA.

—Well, captain, you must own appearances, at least, were against you—however, your apology is sufficient—and all you have to do, is to make amends for your *seeming* neglect—by putting it out of the power of any guardian to disunite us again.

MORTIMER.

I accept the challenge—and thus make prize of the sweetest girl in the universe.—And now if the old fire-ship comes down on us, I'll give him such a broadside as shall convince him, that when an English sailor takes a prize he never lets it go again.

CLARISSA.

Well, then now's your time—for he is at this moment in the house.

MORTIMER.

MORTIMER.

In the house!—Where, where—why didn't you say so at first?—I'd have made the old gentleman give some account of his log-book before this.

CLARISSA.

No, 'tis better as it is.—Your servant brought him here—for it seems he, as well as you, was lost in this wood—and, as it so happened we have all made this house a rendezvous, we may as well bring matters to an *eclaircissement* here, as go any further.

MORTIMER.

With all my heart—but which way is it to be done—

CLARISSA.

Have patience, and I'll tell you.—My guardian met first of all with Goodman Clump, a neighbouring farmer, who, from the oddity and extravagance of his manner, took him for a madman, and has actually sent for Doctor Scarecrow to his assistance.—My guardian, on hearing I was here, has sent for the parson—and my intention is, to send him the medical gentleman instead of the divine—and while *he* is perplexed with the doctor—

MORTIMER.

*We* can find employment for the parson.—Why, 'tis the finest plan in the world—and, while my Clarissa conducts, it cannot but succeed.

CLARISSA.



CLARISSA.

"A little flattery sometimes does well," you think—  
But keep out of fight a little, and, when affairs are coming to a crisis, Goody shall bring you word.

MORTIMER.

Who's that, talking to my Irish servant?—Why he looks like a——

CLARISSA.

O that's Doctor Scarecrow, schoolmaster, parish clerk, apothecary, and undertaker.—O'Connor is in the plot, and will be of service to us.—Come this way, captain.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* SCARECROW *and* O'CONNOR.

SCARECROW.

And pray, friend, what are the symptoms first discernible, when the patient has one of his fits of insanity?

O'CONNOR.

The patient!—Why, doctor—he has in the cases very little patience about him—for he generally flies into a great passion—and then he curses, and swears, and damns the doctors—and, if he's once mad, he's sure to be out of his senses.

SCARECROW.

SCARECROW.

Damns the doctors!—Why that is a bad sign—yet I've known many sensible men do that.

O'CONNOR.

O aye, my jewel—I've done that myself before now. —But pray now, if I may be so bold as to ax, how do you get a living here?—I should think, you doctors would find nothing to do, where there was nobody to take physic.

SCARECROW.

O lud!—Why, if I was to follow but one profession, I should live no longer than my patients.—Your London physicians now get a great deal for killing a patient—but I don't stop there.

O'CONNOR.

No!—the devil you don't—

SCARECROW.

No—I have more to do after they're dead—

O'CONNOR.

Arrah, what?

SCARECROW.

I bury them—

O'CONNOR.



O'CONNOR?

Bury them!

SCARECROW.

Yes, Sir.—I am a univerfal genius—I teach school on a Sunday.

O'CONNOR.

Sunday school!—O blessings on their hearts that first fet 'em a going.—O what a charming thing it is, to have poor little children learn to read before they can speak, and write before they can read.—Och! what did I miss by being born before they were invented!—Sunday schools!—by my conscience, I'd have gone to 'em every day in the week.—But go on, my little Jack-of-all-Trades.

SCARECROW.

Why,—I instruct children—mix up medicines—cure the sick—and bury the dead—in other words—I am schoolmaster, sexton, apothecary, and undertaker.—Then I have such a neat hand at a set of bells—Oh, if you was but to hear me ring a peal of grandfire-triple-bob-major—Yes, yes—I believe I can ring the changes with any body.

O'CONNOR.

Schoolmaster, sexton, apothecary, and undertaker!—By my conscience, you *do* ring the changes pretty well.

F

SCARECROW.

SCARECROW.

Yes—and then, I always make a proper distinction between each avocation—Why, Sir, I have a wig for every character I appear in.

O'CONNOR.

Arrah, then you may as well add one to the number, and call yourself a barber's block.—But you don't wear all your wigs at once—do you, my little fellow?

SCARECROW.

O no!—I teach school in a tail—go to church in a bob—cull simples in a scratch—visit my patients in a bag—and bury 'em in a night cap.

O'CONNOR.

By my conscience, if you've many patients to visit, I believe you put on your night cap as often as any other wig in your stock.—But now you must carry yourself and your bag to the mad ould gentleman directly—and, by the way, you must know, he is devilish apt to fancy himself going to be married.

SCARECROW.

Going to be married!—A fure sign of madness.

O'CONNOR.



O'CONNOR.

And he'll bother you about a parson.

SCARECROW.

Aye—but I'm clerk, and know how to answer the parson.

O'CONNOR.

Perhaps he'll abuse you——

SCARECROW.

Then I shall put on the schoolmaster, and teach him better manners.

O'CONNOR.

And he'll talk about his ward, and elopement, and all that sort of a thing——but that's all blarney, ye see.

SCARECROW.

Why, you wou'dn't pretend to teach a schoolmaster—prescribe to a doctor—and lay down rules for an undertaker!——I that have wrote a dissertation, that nobody could make head or tail of but myself——and, if I could but get a licence from the college, I'd bid adieu to bob, tail, and scratch—and wear a bag wig the rest of my days.

[Exit.]

O'CONNOR.

O'CONNOR.

Och, the devil doubt you!—Arrah, well said, little Bob Major—Visit your patients in a bag!—it's a sign they're all mad—for, if they had sense enough to be their own friends, the devil burn me if ever they'd let you come out of it. [Exit.

Enter SQUEEZUM.

SQUEEZUM.

There—I knew I should find her at last—but now I'll make her my own—and, when I've got her fortune, she may take herself off as soon as she will.—I wonder what keeps the parson so long.—I knew I should bring her to, for all her pretended aversion.—Why lord, when I was a young fellow, I could—but what of that—I don't want for attractions now—I bring the matter about even now I'm old—and, let the difficulty be what it would, I always said to myself—Simon Squeezum, said I—Who the devil have we here!—

Enter SCARECROW.

SCARECROW.

Sir, your most obedient—

SQUEEZUM.



SQUEEZUM.

Sir, your servant.

SCARECROW.

Sir—hem—how d'ye do, Sir.—I'm come—

SQUEEZUM.

Yes, Sir, I see you're come.

SCARECROW.

True, Sir—but, perhaps, you don't know what I'm come about.—I am the doctor, Sir, at your service.

SQUEEZUM.

O, the parson!—He's a queer looking clergyman too—but no matter—I knew he'd come at last—(*aside*)—

O yes, Sir, I beg your pardon—Yes, yes, I know what you're come about—and I really expected you would also have come about—

SCARECROW.

About what, Sir?

SQUEEZUM.

Why, Sir, about an hour ago.—I have been waiting here with the greatest impatience—but now you're come, I expect you will put a finishing hand to all my cares.

SCARECROW.

SCARECROW.

No doubt, Sir—that's quite in my way.—You'll not be the only one whose cares I have finished.

SQUEEZUM.

Well, well—that's hereafter as it may be.—Suppose we call the lady, and —

SCARECROW.

The lady! Sir?

SQUEEZUM.

Yes, Sir, the lady—Why you wouldn't go thro' the ceremony without the lady!—Why I might as well think of paying you for your trouble without money—or being cured, when I'm sick, without a doctor—or—

SCARECROW.

O, that would be easy enough—(*aside*)—But, Sir, I humbly conceive there is no occasion, at present, for a lady to—

SQUEEZUM.

No occasion, at present, for a lady!—Why really, Sir, this is very extraordinary.—If there's no occasion for a lady, what did you suppose I wanted with a parson?

SCARECROW.



SCARECROW.

A parson!—O lud, the Irishman told me he would talk about ladies and parsons—(*aside*)—Now, my dear Sir, really, in your situation, it is not a time to be thinking about a lady—confider the consequences—

SQUEEZUM.

Rot the consequences!—Not think about a lady when I'm going to be married!—You're mad, I think.

SCARECROW.

One of us is, I believe, Sir—but, however, make yourself perfectly easy—and, after your case has undergone a little necessary consideration, I make no doubt of settling matters very soon, to your satisfaction.

SQUEEZUM.

Why, Sir, the *case* has had sufficient consideration—so you may proceed to business as soon as you please.

SCARECROW.

Why then, first of all, you must give me leave to ask you a few questions?

SQUEEZUM.

I've no objection.—But yet its very odd—(*aside*)—Well, Sir, proceed—

SCARECROW.

SCARECROW.

Pray, Sir, what age may you be?

SQUEEZUM.

Sir!

SCARECROW.

Because, Sir, if you're turned of sixty, you must expect a very different mode of treatment to what—

SQUEEZUM.

Why, Sir, I must own, this mode of treatment is rather different to what I've been used to—I should suppose my age can be of no consequence to you—

SCARECROW.

Why, my dear Sir, knowing your age is a very principal matter, Sir—Why, Sir, I must first of all cast your nativity—and, if I don't know your age, it will be impossible to tell when you was born.

SQUEEZUM.

And what the devil is it to you *when* I was born?

SCARECROW.

Gently, Sir—gently—don't irritate yourself—it heats the blood, and is a principal cause of your present unhappy disorder.

SQUEEZUM.



SQUEEZUM.

Sir, give me leave to tell you——

SCARECROW.

I know it all—there is not the least occasion to tell me any thing about it—and, tho' I act without a licence, yet I believe——

SQUEEZUM.

Who wants you to act without a licence?—I've got one in my pocket——

SCARECROW.

Indeed!—Pray, Sir, where did you get it?

SQUEEZUM.

Really, Sir, your questions are very extraordinary—and, as you have asked me so many, you must permit me to catechise a little in return.—Pray, Sir, what's your name?

SCARECROW.

My name is Solomon Scarecrow, Sir—at your service.

SQUEEZUM.

Then hark ye, Mr. Solomon Scarecrow—without you mean I should break that wise head of yours, and make a scarecrow of you in reality—I insist on your either doing your office peaceably, or marching out of the house.

G

SCARECROW.

SCARECROW.

Pray, Sir, did you ever wear a strait waistcoat?—You certainly want one—and, unless you will consent to be governed *secundum artem*, I don't know what will be the consequence.—Consider, my dear Sir, the melancholy situation of being chained up the rest of your life.

SQUEEZUM.

Why, Sir, if I chuse to submit to wear the chains of matrimony, what's that to you?—Besides, I—

SCARECROW.

It's a great pity the moon changed last night—Have you any symptoms of the hydrophobia?

SQUEEZUM.

I'll hydrophobia you, you rascal!—You a clergyman!  
—Take that, and that— [Beats him.]

SCARECROW.

Here, hallo!—Murder!—Madmen! Fire! Thieves!  
Rape! Robbery!—

*Enter*



*Enter* O'CONNOR.

O'CONNOR.

Arrah, what's the matter, my little Factotum.

SCARECROW.

The matter!—Why this bedlamite has broke every bone in my body.—I thought, by your account, he was only a little whimsical or so—but I find he's as mad as a Frenchman.

O'CONNOR.

O, be aisy—don't you see the gentle—

SCARECROW.

But I'll be revenged—I'll bring an action of assault and battery—He shall take all the drugs in my shop—I'll kill him—I'll bury him—I'll bring down the whole vengeance of law, phyfic, and divinity—

*[Exit, forced off by o'Connor.]*

SQUEEZUM.

There—I knew how it would be—O that I was once safe at Squeezum-Abbey!—I'd never hazard myself so far from home again.—I was certainly mad, to—

O'CONNOR.

O'CONNOR.

Yes, we know you're mad, well enough.—Now why cou'dn't you be afy, and let the doctor do his bufiness quietly?

SQUEEZUM.

Let the doctor do *his* bufiness!—No, if I had, he'd have soon done *mine*, I believe.—My good friend, you was kind enough to help me into this house—now you can't oblige me more, than by getting me safe out of it again.

O'CONNOR.

Why you wou'dn't go out of it without your little wife—would you?

SQUEEZUM.

Aye—any way to get home again.—But where is the huffey?—Little did I think my old friend's daughter would have used me so.

O'CONNOR.

Och, you were both mistaken in one another, however.—Be afy—She's nobody's daughter now—but my master's wife—and, if you don't give up her fortune into the bargain, we shall call back little Factotum, to bring the strait waistcoat to you.

SQUEEZUM.



SQUEEZUM.

Married to your master!—Why, who is your master, and who are you?

O'CONNOR.

Why, I'll tell you.—*I am his servant, and he is my master*—and now you know us both—But, if that account doesn't please you, let him tell you himself—for here he comes, and his lady wid him—and as pretty a pair they make as ever you saw with your day-lights.—So make yourself aye—and if you're determined to have a wife—as you may want a nurse—why take my advice, and marry ould Goody Benfon.

*Enter* MORTIMER, CLARISSA, and GOODY.

GOODY.

Here they are, Sir—what's done cannot be undone—where nothing's to be had the king loses his right—it's too late to spare when all is spent—so give them your blessing, and dont strive against the stream.

MORTIMER.

Come, Sir—very little consideration will incline you to forgive us.—My Clarissa shall join intreaties, and then—

GOODY.

GOODY.

Aye—two to one is odds at football.

CLARISSA.

Come now, my dear guardy—I thought you loved me  
—How often have you told me you'd refuse me nothing?

O'CONNOR.

The ould gentleman meant nothing but what you had  
a mind to.

SQUEEZUM.

Out of my way, firrah.—I knew how it would be—  
I knew he'd get her—So I'll e'en give her to you, because  
—I can't help myself.

GOODY.

Aye—make the best of a bad bargain—clap the fiddle  
on the right horse.

MORTIMER.

Then all my cares are at an end—and now if—(*going  
forward*)—Ladies and Gentlemen—

O'CONNOR.



O'CONNOR.

Out of the way—I'll finish the business in half the time.—You see—(*to the audience*)—my master here would be after palavering you about our stage play—and, upon my conscience, it's the best the author of it ever wrote—becase why, he never wrote any other.—Ladies and Gentlemen indeed!—(*to Mortimer*)—only speak to the Ladies—for if they, long life to the dear craters, will honor us with their approbation—the Gentlemen will be obliged to like it, whether they do or no.

CLARISSA.

I hope not, O'Connor—for tho' English-women are the happiest in the world—yet every English-man

With open heart and gen'rous plainness born,

Detests duplicity—deceit can scorn:—

Then hence be flattery and faction hurl'd,

And *George*, and *Britain*, long shall brave the world.

FINIS.

CHAPTER

One of the ways in which the people of the world are getting to know each other is by the exchange of letters. This is a very old custom, and it is one that is growing more and more popular every day. It is a way of keeping in touch with friends and family who live far away. It is also a way of learning about the lives of people in other parts of the world. Letters are a very important part of our lives, and they are a very interesting way of getting to know each other.

CHAPTER

It is a very old custom, and it is one that is growing more and more popular every day. It is a way of keeping in touch with friends and family who live far away. It is also a way of learning about the lives of people in other parts of the world. Letters are a very important part of our lives, and they are a very interesting way of getting to know each other.



*Fugitive Pieces,*

IN

*PROSE AND VERSE.*

BY

T. MERCHANT,

LATE

PROMPTER, PAINTER, AND PERFORMER,

OF THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

Virginia House

PROCEEDINGS AND DEBATES

OF THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES

IN THE YEAR 1862

BY JAMES M. COOPER



AS the following are the *earliest* Essays of a *young* author, it is hoped they will escape that censure a *severe* critic might be tempted to pass on them.—The comic Songs, in particular, will stand in need of much indulgence in the *closet*, though published at the request of many respectable friends, who have sanctioned them, with the most flattering Approbation, on the *stage*.

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---

A D D R E S S

T O

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

SAY, Peter Pindar, is't not hard  
Patrons should be so wond'rous scarce  
That I, for mine, must choose a Bard?  
The world will surely think it farce:  
And future times will wonder, if they know it,  
That ever *patron* was a *poet*!

Thy verse, great Bard, no patron needed—  
So keen the edge, 'twas sure to make its way;  
For how could verse pass by unheeded,  
Which for itself had got so much to say:  
Attack'd attorney generals and brewers,  
And poet laureats, painters and reviewers:  
While, Cæsar-like, you come, behold, and rout 'em,  
And make the little great ones look about 'em.

I

Then

Then prithee, Peter, do, for once inspire  
 An humble trav'ler on the road to fame ;  
 Who'd give the world thy Pegafus to hire—  
 For mine is broken-winded oft, and lame ;  
 And let me tell thee, at this time of day,  
 When *Suns* and *Stars* are going the same way,  
 'Tis harder still for simple strains, like mine,  
 Beyond a feeble *rusblight's* rays to shine ;  
 And ten to one but some half-crazy loon  
 May write a morning paper, call'd the *Moon*——  
 Then, should the trio meet in dreadful ire,  
*Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, would fet the *World* on fire !  
 O let thy genius teach my humble lays  
 To rise superior to the gen'ral blaze !

THE



*The* ALDERMAN *and* ACTOR.

The following lines were written in consequence of a public Reprimand the Author and a Theatrical Companion received, in a country Mayor's court, for having given six-pence each to a distressed American, who was placed in the stocks for begging without a pass.

**W**HEN magisterial chairs are fill'd  
By men to conscience strictly true,  
In equity and justice skill'd,  
We pay their merit ev'ry due.

But when a self-sufficient wight  
Usurps a better fellow's right,  
And hold the reins, not knowing how to guide,  
The wiser world such nincompoops deride.

You'll think it strange, but 'tis a fact,  
That magisterial men were once so busy,  
As catch a player in the horrid act  
Of giving a poor man a tizzy :  
A deed their economic morals scorn—  
For none can say, of woman born,  
(At least, I never heard it said by any)  
Their worships gave away—a single penny !

What

What if the luckless wight *deserved* his lot,  
 Was it a sin in christians to relieve him?  
 Must all humanity then be forgot?

No, tho' a bishop swore't, I'd not believe him.

Nor in opinion do I stand alone——

A worthy magistrate\* was known

To think so too——for when he saw

A youth transgress the bounds of law,

By no mean, partial ties restricted,

He punishment severe inflicted : ——

But then he'd say, “ Can we now send him hence,

“ Thus stript of character and pence :

“ His good name lost, 'tis vain to seek a friend,

“ And want of cash to still worse deeds may tend.”

Then from his purse he gave the shining ore——

Bade the youth go in peace, and sin no more,

I own, the sage† who sat above the rest,

With more than *aldermannic* sense was blest :——

He scorn'd with scurril language to assault,

But mildly censur'd what he deem'd a fault.

Not so the zealous orator beside him——

He *scolded* so, no *wixen* e'er outvied him :

And talk'd of ignorance and impudence——

When I'll be judg'd by any *man* of *sense*——

But hold——of my discourse I cut the string ;

The *subject* of it's *quite another thing*.

What

\* ----- Simmons, Esq. Mayor of Canterbury in 1789. The circumstance related of that gentleman is a fact.

† The Mayor.



What, Sun of Wisdom, could you see  
In *me*, to spend your breath and time on?  
Why level so much wrath at me,  
Because I gave away a *Simon*?

How had I vex'd his worship, pray,  
That he should talk so loud, and look so big?  
I'm sure he never heard me say,  
His wisdom lay but in his wig.

I never said, the worthy alderman  
(*Old woman*, I had very nearly wrote,)  
Ought to pursue a less litigious plan,  
And only to his cloth to cut his coat.

I never said, wit flies but here and there,  
And that his worship never yet had caught it:  
I never said, his manners sham'd a bear—  
And yet, I'll take my oath, I always thought it,

## A F R A G M E N T.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY,

ON THE SUDDEN LOSS OF FOUR CHILDREN, BY THE  
SMALL-POX.

——— S E R E N E the night ;  
 While, from the firmament, the moon's full orb  
 Cheer'd nature's face, and silver'd ev'ry brook—  
 Save when a little intervening cloud  
 Stole o'er its surface, and obscur'd its light :  
 But, when the wand'ring vapour disappear'd,  
 The silver planet shot new glories forth,  
 As if retirement added to her charms.  
 And thus the good man's fame (when envy's blast  
 Prefume's to dim its native radiant hue,)  
 Awhile retires, till truth removes the veil,  
 And bids fresh lustre from concealment spring.—  
 While thus I mused, a broken, plaintive voice  
 Rous'd me from thought, and drew my sight to where,  
 Against a rock, (whose bold, projecting top  
 Shadow'd the plain,) a weeping female lean'd :—  
 At times, she rais'd her piteous eyes to heav'n,  
 As if complaining,—but as oft withdrawn,  
 They seem'd to sink into the earth below,  
 And seek a refuge in the graves of those  
 Whose deaths untimely, soon I learn'd, she mourn'd :  
 For sometimes she would heave a deep-fetch'd sigh,  
 And



And sadly murmur, "Where are my dearest joys!  
"Where are ye now, my children—are ye gone!"  
Then, scarcely conscious of the mournful task,  
Unmindful what she did, with vacant eye,  
Upon the sandy shelving of the rock  
She trac'd their lov'd initials—when at once,  
As tho' a ray of heav'nly light had beam'd  
Across her soul, she upward look'd, resign'd,  
And, as reflection taught her, thus she spake:

"If heav'n *has* call'd them to the *narrow house*,  
"It is the path to bliss.—Then why, my soul,  
"Should'st thou repine, when those so dearly lov'd  
"Are happy, far beyond thy stretch of thought:  
"Perhaps, e'en now, with pity they look down  
"On thy mistaken grief—and, with a smile,  
"Anticipate the time when thou shalt join  
"The sacred choir—who, with ecstatic love,  
"Proclaims the praise of HIM, whose mercy far  
"Exceeds e'en all the sins of this frail earth!"

Then, while the theme bade joy illumine her eye,  
She left the place, and me—who fix'd in thought  
Remain'd, till sudden, from a neighb'ring tow'r,  
A bell just broke the awful silence round,  
And toll'd the hour of rest——

*The TEMPLE of USURY:*

OR,

## AN ACTOR'S SOLILOQUY.

**T**HERE is a mansion, in a nook obscure,  
 Which, for the offices it does mankind,  
 May well be stiled the Temple of the Wretched:  
 Who daily there bring off'rings.—O'er the gate  
 (As whilom at the castle of some Thane,)

The *arms* conspicuous stand, *Thrée azure Balls*—  
 The motto, "*Money lent*."—Which magic words  
 Contain the sole attraction, by whose power  
 Such numbers hourly to the fane resort;  
 And, as a token of sincere regard,  
 For the fell idol Gold, they sacrifice  
 Rich offerings at the shrine of Usury—  
 Rapacious altar!—was it not enough  
 Thy fierce, insatiate appetite consum'd  
 My Coät, so fam'd for colour and for cut?  
 Was't not enough, that, though of satin form'd,  
 A garment serv'd to fill thy hungry maw,  
 Small-clothes yclep'd—or, in the vulgar phrase,  
 A pair of Breeches call'd?—Was it for this  
 The *Tailor* sold my *Tickets*?—Not content  
 With gorgeous spoils like these, wou'd'st thou have more?  
 Forbid it Fortune!—and ye Pow'rs ydrad,

Who



Who o'er the fate of tailors' ware preside,  
 Open the Theatre, and fill my purse,  
 " Cut short all intermission,—front to front  
 " Bring but my Coat, my Breeches, and myself—  
 " Within my purse length set them—if they 'scape me,  
 " Then may I lose my duplicate.

---

*The* PERPLEXED POET.

AN IMPROMPTU.

**I** Never sent my wits a-cruising,  
 To catch a thought might be amusing—  
 I never yet 'gan writing verses,  
 But, such of poetry the curse is,  
 Some noise would in my ears be ringing  
 Of children squalling, nurses singing;  
 Or, more my thoughts to knot and riddle,  
 Some plaguy wight took up his fiddle,  
 And set my frisky muse a dozing,  
 By strumming strains of his composing,  
 Which truly were so soporific,  
 That ev'ry trope and hieroglyphic,  
 Which in my pregnant brain was bright'ning,  
 Took wing and flew away like lightning—  
 And ev'ry faculty obstetric  
 Of wit, or poetry, or rhetoric,

K

Would

## FUGITIVE PIECES.

Would lag so curfedly behind,  
 That were I ever so inclin'd  
 To write my lines with ease and freedom,  
 'T would puzzle half the globe to read 'em.

---



---

 S O N N E T.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

**W**HEN far away from those I love,  
 Their well-remember'd forms in thought I see,  
 They will not fure forgetful prove,  
 But think of friendship and of me.

Oft, on imagination's wing,  
 Scenes of past pleasure shall I view,  
 And flatt'ring *hope* shall sweetly sing,  
 " They think of friendship and of you."

Then when you trace each fav'rite walk,  
 The varied prospect mark, or spreading tree,  
 Or sweet Maria's prattling talk,  
 Then think of friendship and of me.

SONG.



## S O N G.

WRITTEN FOR MR. BOWDEN.

TO BE INTRODUCED IN THE CHARACTER OF INKLE.

**T**HE wolf howl'd loud, the lion roar'd  
And rear'd his shaggy mane;  
The "spirit of the water shriek'd"  
And tore the liquid plain;  
The lightning's frequent, vivid gleam  
Illum'd each awful form;  
The angry warhoop's dreadful note  
Re-echo'd to the storm:

United horrors chill'd my heart,  
A prey to black despair—  
When swift a smiling cherub came  
To silence ev'ry care:  
My Yarico, when hope had fled,  
Taught ev'ry grief to cease;  
Then, on her breast, reclin'd my head,  
And lull'd my soul to peace.

SONG.

## S O N G.

WRITTEN FOR MR. RICHARDSON,

OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

**W**HEN the high-crested hero shines in arms,  
 When dying groans re-echo fierce alarms,  
 Or when the gen'rous fled, with burning breath,  
 Bears his stern rider thro' the ranks of death;  
 The warrior's soul improves the glorious flame,  
 Feels the big war, and rushes on to fame.

But should the laurel'd victor's conq'ring sword,  
 With menac'd death, hang o'er a fallen foe,  
 Who, tho' his useless shield no more can ward,  
 Yet nobly scorns to deprecate the blow—  
 The warrior's soul, for mercy crowns the brave,  
 Feels, that the richest conquest is— to *save*.

TOBACCO



## TOBACCO, GROG, and FLIP.

SUNG BY MRS. MERCHANT.

W HATE'ER the pleasures known on shore,  
They have no charms for me ;  
Be mine the sea, I ask no more—  
'Tis sweet variety.  
Give me tobacco, grog, and flip,  
An easy gale, a tight-built ship,  
In ev'ry port a willing lass,  
And round, for me, the globe may pass.

Tho' winds assail the ruffled deep,  
And meteors glare with horrid light,  
Yet let the angry tempest sleep,  
The calm succeeds with fresh delight ;  
And sets each sailor all agog  
For fresh tobacco, flip, and grog,  
With these at sea, in port a lass,  
The globe, unheeded, round may pass.

When o'er the wave, at silent eve,  
The beauteous moonbeams lightly play,  
The silver surges gently heave,  
And sailors join in tuneful lay ;

Then

Then, while each chearful heart's atrip  
 For fresh tobacco, grog, and flip,  
 I'll drink, I'll toast my fav'rite las,  
 And bid the world unheeded pass.

When tir'd of land, our pockets low,  
 With will alert we steer  
 O'er hostile seas, attack the foe,  
 For sailors know no fear.  
 Our prize in tow, we're all agog  
 For fresh tobacco, flip, and grog:  
 In port each seeks his fav'rite las,  
 And bids the world unheeded pass.

Thus let me sail, and love, and drink,  
 Tho' folks on land look big;  
 Pleas'd with my lot, I'll scorn to think  
 Their stations worth a fig.  
 While I've tobacco, grog, and flip,  
 An easy gale, a tight-built ship,  
 A friend that's true, a fav'rite las,  
 The globe, unheeded, round may pass.

WRITTEN



WRITTEN AT

LIVERPOOL, 1791.

NAY think not, proud town, I solicit the aid  
Of my muse, the stale theme of thy wealth to pursue ;  
Tho' fam'd for thy commerce, thy strength, or thy trade,  
To blessings superior my praises are due.

Thy riches could never such pleasure impart,  
Thy wide spreading commerce such ecstacy bring,  
As the soft glow of *friendship*, which here touch'd my heart,  
And those feelings inspir'd, which too faintly I sing.

For this was the place, where each joy or each pain  
From the breasts of my friends still own'd mine for its  
lord ;  
And this was the place, where they gave back the strain,  
And, in sweetest vibration, re-echo'd the chord.

For this was the place, where we often would stray,  
Where their kindness still furnish'd new means of  
delight ;  
And this was the place, where we smil'd thro' the day,  
And sympathy's charms still enliven'd the night.

Tho'

Tho' fated to part, and such joys bid adieu,  
 Let our hearts, let our souls, still in unison beat ;  
 For as hope buoys *me* up, let it whisper to *you*,  
 That this is the place—where again we shall meet.

---

ON SEEING

MORLAND'S SKETCHES.

WHEN poets write, when actors play,  
 When pencil'd artists wish to shine,  
*Nature* should ever point the way,  
 Should soften, elevate, refine.

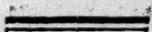
When various tints the canvas grace,  
 When mimic worlds our wonder raise,  
 Sweet *Nature's* lineaments we trace,  
 And join to give the artist praise.

In all her beauties, *Nature* came,  
 When *Shakespeare* thought, or *Garrick* spoke—  
 When *Morland* sketch'd 'twas still the same ;  
 Each knew her power to invoke.

Tho'



Then would you copy Nature well,  
 And lure the goddess to a smile,  
 Would you explore her secret cell,  
 You'll find her out in *Morland's* file.



*The THEATRICAL CLUB.*

Tune, ---The Opening Air in the *Desferter*.

THE pate of a poet is often so stor'd  
 With nonsense, and whimsies, and such kind of pother;  
 That, at times, the poor varlet is plaguily bor'd,  
 His thoughts and conceits to select from each other :  
     And such, I declare,  
     Is my case to a hair,  
 My brain, for a subject, is quite on the rack ;  
     And a good one to chuse  
     Is as hard to my muse,  
 As to draw a court card from a well shuffled pack.

Thus authors, like gamesters, are puzzled, at times;  
 Their skill to exert, in the end to be winners ;  
 For tho' one plays with *cards* and the other with *rhymes*,  
 Yet both on their luck oft depend—for their dinners ;

L

Then

Then the suit I select  
 Let good nature protect,  
 Nor *trump* my best hopes with your critical *rubs* ;  
 For setting apart  
*Spade, diamond, or heart,*  
 The theme of my ditty, at present, is *clubs*.

Poets sung of a hero, who went such a length  
 With his *club*, that the heathens proclaim'd him a god :  
 When monsters and giants bow'd under his strength  
 Had ladies resisted it surely were odd.  
 But Hercules his staff  
 Transform'd to a distaff,  
 And spun, like a woman, tho' Jove was his fire,  
 And, when his love dy'd,  
 He blubber'd and cry'd,  
 And flung both his club and himself in the fire.

Master Addison tells us of clubs without end,  
 Of short clubs, of tall clubs, of fat clubs, and lean, Sir,  
 Where each man, or crooked or straight, met his friend,  
 And punch, wine, and laughter enliven'd the scene, Sir :  
 And ev'ry one knows  
 That, in his age of beaux,  
 The man who to fashion or dress had pretences,  
 Ty'd a club to his hair  
 That would make a man stare,  
 And frighten a modern fop out of his senses.

But



But whatever the clubs I have brought to your view,  
Whether fat clubs, or lean clubs, or short clubs, or tall,  
Sir,

Let every man here to each other be true,  
And *this* is a club that surpasses them all, Sir.  
For where, if not here,  
Shall pleasure appear,  
Where reason and sense mantle over the bowl;  
Where, to heighten delight,  
Wit and humour unite,  
And mirth sheds his influence round ev'ry soul.

Then join, sons of Thespis, the world to convince  
You have hearts tun'd to harmony, friendship, and joy,  
That your love to each other, your country, and prince,  
Can never be less'n'd, nor suffer alloy.  
And may each actor here  
To distress lend an ear,  
Whene'er on misfortune he chances to light.  
May ev'ry one grace  
His profession and place,  
And your *clubs* turn up *trumps* ev'ry *benefit* night.

*The D Y E R.*

Tunc,-----"A plague of your pother about this or that."

**I**N this world so extensive how many, to eat,  
Will laugh or will cry, will pray, or will cheat,  
But for me, I exist quite a different way,  
For the better to *live*, Sirs, I *dye* every day.

Your doctors may physic, your counsellors talk,  
Your pugilists box, your pedestrians walk ;  
By the deaths of their friends, undertakers get pelf,  
But my *living* arises from *dying* myself.

In the noose matrimonial how many are fast,  
A knot ty'd so firm, it for ever must last ;  
But, with us men of colour, 'tis loosen'd with ease,  
For we make our *wives die*—whenever we please.

Mankind we distinguish by different hues,  
And know, by their colours, Turks, Frenchmen, or Jews ;  
Yet we never, like West-India planters, good lack,  
Would oppress a poor brother, because he's *dy'd black*.

What are all your great patriots, who gain such applause,  
By saying they'd *die* for their country and laws ;  
Were they to *perform* all their *promises* speak,  
They could only *die once*, while we *die all the week*.

May



May *dying* still *live*, and may trade never *die*,  
 May our country's *colours* all colours outvie ;  
 May we with French politics never be cramm'd,  
 And their *scarlet* convention all *die* and be d——d.

---

*The CROPPER.\**

Tune,-----"How happy the foldier," &c.

**L**ET poets, or ancient or modern, delight  
 To celebrate heroes in love or in fight ;  
 I'll have nothing to do with their guns or their poppers,  
 But tie down my muse to the Huddersfield croppers.

Then, ye croppers, attend, and I'll prove to each face,  
 That cropping at no time was thought a disgrace ;  
 For the time's scarcely over, since each powder'd fop  
 Was nothing without he'd a neat natty *crop*.

The ladies, dear creatures, too, wish'd to persuade  
 The world, they were mightily fond of the trade ;  
 And so, to encourage the business the more,  
 They had one *crop* behind, and another before. •

That

\* Cropping makes a part of the cloth manufacture, and is the process of cutting off the superfluous wool from the cloth while in its rough state. This business is chiefly carried on in Huddersfield.

That doctors are croppers you all must agree,  
And where they *mend one* constitution, *crop three* ;  
Nay, their skill is so great we before it must fall,  
Did not *death*, that *crops patient*, *crop doctor* and all.

The law has its croppers as well as the rest,  
For attorneys are reckon'd of croppers the best ;  
No matter if *cause* goes on badly or well,  
They *crop* up the *oyster* and give you the *shell*.

The Frenchmen may add to the number of *crops*,  
Who've *cropp'd* heads and titles, as plenty as hops ;  
But dare they on this side the water be seen,  
We'd *crop* the mounseers with their own guillotine.

May croppers live wealthy, united, and free,  
And to *crop* down sedition and faction agree ;  
May your full flow of happiness meet with no stop,  
And every night *here\** prove a plentiful *crop*.

ALL

\* To the boxes, &c.



## ALL THE WORLD AT BURY.

SUNG BY THE AUTHOR,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE BURY THEATRE, 1793.

WHAT nonsense to pine over fanciful ills,  
And convert the good things of this life to four pills,  
For whether we're sober, sad, civil, or merry,  
We sooner or later must all come to *Bury*.

The miser would *bury* his gold from his heirs,  
And, as riches increase, he increases his cares,  
Till, unable to taste of his ill-gotten pelf,  
'Tis of no other use than to *bury* himself.

The lawyer in quibbles would *bury* his tricks,  
And to *bury* a fee in his purse never sticks ;  
But could we once *bury* this parent of brawl,  
The devil would shew him a trick worth 'em all.

To *bury* disorders, the doctor engages  
To make good his work, and to merit his wages—  
(For doctors with gold can their pockets well feather,)  
So he buries *disorder* and *patient* together.

The

The drunkard can *bury* all care in his glass,  
 The sailor can *bury* all thought with his lass,  
 Fine ladies can *bury* all grief at a ball,  
 And the kind undertaker would *bury* us all.

Thus, my masters, to *bury* we're all sure to come,  
 Whether poor as a rat, or possesst of a plumb ;  
 And, to prove that my reasons are found as a cherry,  
 In one night we've brought *London* and *Blackburn*\* to *Bury*:

The truth of my doctrine the more to enhance,  
 In *Bury* to night you shall see part of France,  
 And, by way of farewell, all these pleasures to crown,  
 We've brought *Chamber-Hall* † to the midst of the town.

May you, for your gen'rous attendance each night,  
*Bury* every vexation in joy and delight ;  
 May every one here 'scape calamity's claws,  
 And may my fears be *bury'd* in your kind applause.

*The*

\* Alluding to the Scenery exhibited that Evening.

† The Seat of R. PEEL Esq.--a view of which was exhibited.



*The* CLOTH-HALL:

OR,

## THE HUDDERSFIELD WONDER.

OF the world's seven wonders historians may boast,  
 And wonder at which they shall wonder the most ;  
 Henceforward such wonders must lie on the shelf,  
 For the wonder I sing is a world in itself.

Whoe'er was at Huddersfield knows the Cloth-Hall,  
 Or else, 'twill be thought, he knows nothing at all ;  
 Where crowds meet together, like fish in a net,  
 Like the rest of the world, to see what they can get.

In this hall, for 'tis round, do but follow your nose,  
 As all, who have straight ones, would do, I suppose ;  
 Like most worldly pursuits, you will find without doubt,  
 That your journey will end where at first you set out.

'Tis full of all colours, complexions, and fizes,  
 Of good folks, of bad folks, of blanks, and of prizes ;  
 For, tho' *round* like the world, you must not wonder there,  
 To find more who will cheat, than will play in the *square*.

The lawyer, from hence, is in fables array'd ;  
A colour that suits with his intricate trade ;  
For a law-suit, tho' lost, gets a *suit* to his back,  
Tho' it makes the poor client look wond'rous black.

The blunt British tar, of our nation the prop,  
His jacket procures from this wonderful shop ;  
Like its colour let every Briton be true,  
And we'll soon make the Frenchmen look devilish *blue*.

The scarlet-rob'd aldermen too must confess,  
Their importanee would, but for our Cloth-Hall, be less ;  
For I never yet wonder'd to have it laid down,  
That their gravity's nought but a wig and a gown.

Mynheer, in our Cloth-Hall, lays out his Dutch gold,  
For his wond'rous large *small*-clothes are here to be sold ;  
While the French, from mere spite to our trade and our hall,  
Alamode *sans culotte* wear no small-clothes at all.

The tailor, at cabbaging wond'rous clever,  
When tipfy, cries, " Damme ! the Cloth-Hall for ever !"  
By him 'tis belov'd, as a jail by a jailor,  
For was there no Cloth-Hall there could be no tailor.

At length, I approach to the end of my song,  
Which I fear, my kind friends, you think wond'rous long,  
Yet no wonder my ditty your senses should pall,  
For in these days we wonder at nothing at all.

Then



Then to please ye, and finish my wonders, I'll sing,  
 Success to your Cloth-Hall—success to our King:  
 May ev'ry dissention far from us be hurl'd,  
 And GEORGE prove the wonder and joy of the world.

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### ADDRESS.

*Written for*

MISS ROBINSON'S FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE,

*At the Theatre-Royal, Manchester;*

And supposed to be spoken by Mrs. TAYLOR, Mother to that young Lady.

PATRONS of genius, ye whose awful frown  
 Prefumption checks—whose smiles confer renown—  
 Who ne'er withhold the tribute of applause,  
 Which merit claims from truth's unerring laws—  
 “ But come, determin'd in each gen'rous breast,  
 “ T' approve what's pleasing, and forgive the rest”—  
 Whose frequent kindness, with impression deep,  
 Must *here* remain engrav'd till mem'ry sleep—  
 To you, who oft have been my lib'ral friends,  
 Behold, in me, the suppliant mother bends,  
 Entreats that to th' innumerable store  
 Of favours giv'n, to night you'll add one more.

To

To night—forgive a palpitating heart,  
Which pow'rful nature thrills in ev'ry part—  
To night, to your kind auspices resign'd,  
My child, from *you*, her future fate must find.

There is a plant, which (when the lark upsprings  
To meet the "ruffet-mantled morn," and wings  
Its flight toward the east,) from lowly bed  
Of parent earth, just rears its dewy head ;  
And, if approach'd by rude, ungentle hand,  
Shrinks in itself, and ceases to expand ;  
But should the sun its influence warm diffuse,  
It opens lovely in a thousand hues.

And thus my child—in dread suspense she sighs,  
Till warm'd to life by those bright suns, your eyes ;  
Kindly receive her—make a mother blest——  
Her efforts and your smiles must do the rest.

The above Address appeared in Wheeler's Manchester Chronicle.

SPOKEN



SPOKEN BY MRS. TAYLOR,

ON HER FIRST PERFORMANCE AT THE HALIFAX-THEATRE,

(AFTER PLAYING EUPHRASIA.)

OF all the passions which the soul inspire,  
 And cause the breast to glow with gen'rous fire—  
 Of all that hold an influence o'er the heart,  
 And claim in ev'ry feeling mind a part—  
 One sentiment, superior to the rest,  
 Conspicuously noble stands confest—  
 Child of benevolence, from heav'n it came  
 To bless mankind, and *Gratitude* its name.  
 The grateful spirit ne'er shall mercy need—  
 He that's ungrateful is a wretch indeed.

For some there are, who underneath the veil  
 Of dark hypocrisy, oft forge a tale :  
 How vast the debt they owe, for favours past—  
 How long impress'd in mem'ry they will last—  
 To seek *their aid*, tho', should it be *your* lot,  
 You'll find professions easily forgot.—  
 And such the cause, why hearts oft well inclin'd  
 Plead gratitude in vain, nor credit find—  
 Why soaring genius oft neglected sleeps—  
 Spurn'd by contempt, why modest merit weeps.

For

For me—I hope, I think, no judgment here  
Will on my sentiments be so severe,  
As to suppose I speak not from my heart  
Thanks, which I only can express in part :  
For what I feel were *infinitely* less,  
Had language pow'r such feeling to express.

Then for your kindness, in to-night's applause,  
Of which that kindness chiefly was the cause—  
When future time permits me to repeat  
My efforts here, your gen'rous smiles to meet,  
The *ardor* of those efforts best shall speak,  
What now to tell expression were too weak.  
May you, benignant circle, free from care,  
The richest, kindest gifts of fortune share ;  
“ And while, with joy, you count o'er seasons past,  
“ May ev'ry day prove happier than the last.”

THE



THE FOLLOWING

## A D · D R E S S

Appeared in

WHEELER'S MANCHESTER CHRONICLE,

Prior to

*A BENEFIT of the AUTHOR'S in 1792.*

**I**F e'er with truth I took my aim  
At folly, satire's lawful game,  
To hold vice up, or knock her down—  
That aim still hop'd to *please* the town.  
If e'er the Thespian board I tread,  
By Shakespeare's evil genius led—  
Or, fearful I but miss'd my way,  
I left the stage to prompt the play—  
Actor or prompter still the same  
To please the town has been my aim.  
If e'er, by art or skill ungrac'd,  
My pencil rude the canvas trac'd ;  
(Presumptuous pencil, sure to fail  
Where Stanton's happier tints prevail :)  
Or, o'er the strings have drawn my bow,  
A little out of tune or so ;  
E'en these mistakes may be put down  
To over-zeal to please the town.

Therefore,

Therefore, friend town, it being true  
 That I've done thus much to *please you*,  
 I hold it fair for once, d'ye see,  
 That you endeavour to *please me* ;  
 And, to that end, hereby invite  
 Your presence, on next We'n'day night ;  
 T'will please me *much* tho' *few* attend,  
 Proving with those I've gain'd my end ;  
 Yet should you deign our house to fill,  
 'Twould please me so much better still :  
 Should *you* be pleas'd, and deign to smile confession,  
 Your kind applause would please me past expression :  
 And when my pen shall dare again intrude,  
 The theme you furnish shall be *gratitude*.

The



*The* MARKSMAN.

No. I.

## A GOOD MAN.

AS difficult to *hit*, as any I could have chosen ; for good men are so obscured, by those who have all their appearance, without any of their reality, that it is almost impossible, for a mortal eye, to distinguish which is which.—If you ask for a good man, you will find the words have quite changed their original sense, and are appropriated to the particular hobby of every one of whom you may inquire.—Ask a Miser—he mistakes the word *good* for *rich*—The Bruiser would shew you for a *good man*, him who would knock you down with the greatest ease and elegance—and with the Bacchanal, your question means no more, than who can drink most, or sing loudest, in company.

Now though it is good to be rich, yet to be rich is not always to be good ; nor can the qualities of a prize-fighter, however *striking*, claim the least right to the appellation they generally procure him ;—and the man whose chief merit is in being the stoutest in a drinking bout, (and who consequently takes most pains to destroy a good constitution,) has less pretensions to it, than any

N

of

of the former. — Who is a good man then ? — I scarcely know ; but I'll mention one, whom though I neither know, nor have seen, comes pretty near the mark — The man who first started the idea of the *Strangers Friend Society*\* — and another good man is he, who, from the same benevolent, best of principles, has endeavoured so much, (and he certainly will succeed) to procure the Abolition of that Trade, which has so long been a disgrace to Christianity ; not but what the most active and barbarous concerned in it, are *very good men* — UPON 'CHANGE.

*The*

\* The Strangers Friend Society originated in Manchester, and is an institution which (to the honour of its founders) is employed in *seeking out* and *relieving* distressed objects, who have no claims to parochial assistance.



*The MARKSMAN.*

No. II.

## A CRITIC.

GOOD critics are nearly as scarce as good writers, —and that the latter by no means *abound*, this attempt may serve as one proof at least.——True criticism precludes all prejudice or partiality, and when an impertinent fellow presumes to scribble about the *Conscience of Counsellors*, *Sagacity of Physicians*, *Humanity of Gentlemen Cock-fighters*, or any such known qualities, inherent in those and many other good folks, his work cannot be fairly judged by lawyers, doctors, sportsmen, or any who come within the limits of the satire—for every part of this great world, however different in every other opinion, unite in that of being willing to enjoy a laugh at the expence of any body but themselves.——Many estimate the abilities of a writer from his situation in life, or perhaps the place of his abode——Provincial prejudice is truly laughable——I have heard of a man, who would allow nothing merit that did not come from the Metropolis ; nay he would scarcely admit that the sun shone so bright in any other place——Walking one day with a friend in the country, they saw a man paving the road, who at every stroke of the rammer pronounced emphatically the interjection Hah !—Bless me, exclaims the  
country

country friend, what lungs that man has.—Lungs indeed ! says the other, why you simpleton, the pavours make that noise twice as loud in London.

On such the shafts of ridicule are spent in vain ; for by the pains they take to render their own folly conspicuous, they prove in the end, the severest satirists on themselves.

FINIS.



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